The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, vpon David Dycers Dreame sett out in suche order, that it is bothe wyttye and profytable for all degryes.

Rede this littell comunication betwene Churchyarde: Camell: and others mo
Newlye Imprinted and sett furthe for thy profyt gentill Reader.

Imprinted at London by Owen Rogers, for Wychell Lobley dwelyng in Paulls churchyeard.

ANNO. M. D. LX.

G.STEEVENS.

DRAwe nere gentill reader and harken to mee,
Her stondes Dauid Dicar Dremynge as you see.
He sleapethe, and wakes not, but dremethe on still.
To scanne what he dremeth eche man hathe a will.
Some dothe him blame for his restles mynde.
Whiche sleape causeth him Dreme by naturall kynde
And some doth praise his labouringe reste,
Thonghe Dreminge in sleapinge be not the best.
And sõe saithe that sleaping nedes no Dremes at all
Whiche yet neuer hathe ben, nor to come neuer shall.
And somme wolde correcte Dauids Dreme to amende,
Before he hath Dremed his Dreame to the ende
And some do interpret what his Dreame ment.
Declaringe the secrettes of Davids intent.
And some do immagyne Dauid Dicar to lye
In doges sleape this Dremynge, eche man for to trye.
But Dauid dreames on and thinkes no man ill.
And sufferthe eche man to worke on his will
And somme men dothe whisper suche neppes in his eare
Whiche ofte now and then Dauid dicar dothe heare,
Then answeringe sleapinge he mombleth this out,
And cawllethe thē fomblers that stondes him aboute.
As the whetstone bringe dul good edges dothe sette.
So Dauid dreamynge still, sharpe wits he dothe whette
And causethe the waringe, to worke all ther will.
From sleaping his dreming to fetche out the skill
Yet some will not cease to shake him by the slyue
Withe taunting poore Dauid from dreaminge to driue
And some in this dreaminge dothe ponder so depe
That in stoddinge of dreaminge they fall a slepe.
And some are so wered that they may no more

Answer dauid dicar as they
dide to fore.
And some cannot scarcelie an
swer a whene
Till time dothe determyne
to shewe forthe a thene
Sithe certaine of vncertain
no stronger take the holde
Let him blowe the cole, that
is moste a coulde
Sure this is the beste waye
for wisemen to take.
To let slepers and dreamers
alone till they wake,
As plainlye apperethe by
this fine witted men.
In tossinge and tomblynge
of Dauid dicars when.
Thus beating thair brains
in vain they do toyle.
And cloke ther wittes for
feare of the foyle.
The one dothe affirme the
other dothe defende.
Yet neither of either can ons
make anende.

The ende of the preface.

When

Dauy Dycars Dreame.

When faith in frēdes bere
fruit and folysh frācyes
fade,
And crafty catchers cum to
nougth, & hate gret loue hath
made.
When fraud flieth far from to
wne, & loytrers leaue ẏ fielde,
And rude shall runne a right
full race, & all mē be wel wilde
when gropers after gayne,
shall carpe for comon welth,
And wyly workers shall dis-
daine, to fygge & lyue by stelth
when wisdome walkes a loft,
and folly syts full low,
And vertue vāquish pampred
vice, & grace begins to grow.
when Justice ioynes to truth,
and law lookes not to meede,
And bribes help not to build
fair bowres, nor giftes gret
glotons fede.
when hongere hides his head
and plenty please the poore,
And niggerdes to ẏ nedy mē,
shall neuer shut their doore-
when double darke deceit, is
out of credit worne,
And fauning speche is falshed
found, and craft is laught to
skorne
when pride which pickes the
purs, gapes not for garmen-
tes gay.
Nor iaueles wear no veluet
weedes, nor wandring wits
bere sway
when riches wrongs no right
nor power poore put backe,
Nor couetous crepes not into
Courte, nor lerned, liuing lack
whē slipper sleights are seene
and far fatches be founde,
And priuate proffit & selfe loue
shall both be put in pounde:
when dete no sergeant dreeds,
and cowrtiers credit keepe,
And might melles not with
merchandise, nor lordes shall
sell no sheepe:
whē lucere lasts not long, and
hurd great heaps doth hate,
And euery wight is well con-
tente, to walke in his estate,
when truth doth tread ẏ strets
and liers lurke in den,
And Rex doth raigne and rule
the rost, and weedes out wic-
ked men:

Then baelful barnes be blyth
that here in England wonne,
Your strife shall stynt I vn-
dertake, your dredfull dayes
ar done.

To Dauid Dicars when.

¶ To him that doth dreame,
Dauid Dicars when.
And euen so from hym, to such
othermen.

FRō when vnto when,
to come to this when
whē fools of your fol
ly, will worke lyke wyse men,
And know theyr owne fautes
and leaue faulting other.
And fyrst mēde thē selues, and
then warne theyr brother,
Enuiyng none, for that theyr
sorte is not
Such as they would be, lyke
others I wot.
Goddes of degree, to rule and
beare swaye,
whose maners mete not, to
stand in such stay,
And yet wold haue mouthes,
to rore like the Lyon
Beyng but Asses
brute of cōdicion
forgettynge that order doth
thus aske and craue,

Esopus de asino rugēs

That eche should hym selfe
in order behaue.
As baestes of lowe sorte, to be
mek of theyr mynde,
To those that be hygher, and
greater of kynde.
The Bore not to bragge, to
stryue wyth the Lyon.
The Hart not to stand, with
the Bull in contention,
The Oxe that doth draw, to
thyncke hym selfe able,
To runne for a wager, with
the Horse of the stable.
It grees not, it cordes not,
nor orderly fyttes
That men should fynd fault,
with Gods and theyr wyttes
Iupiters seate standes some
what to hye.
For vs to iudge it, that come
it not nye.
And iudgementes or gesse, in
any such sorte,
May serue to the Gods, for a
langhter and sporte

To

To se how Judas, would fayne become Iuda.
To iuste at the life, of Iuli apostata,
Let Beastes that be meete, for carte and carryage,
Leane to theyr laboure, as manne to hys maryage.
And synce we be members of one common wealthe.
Let vs ioyne aptly, as fyttes for our health.
The eye as the eye, let hym stare and looke,
And let the leg learne, to bow and to crooke.
Let the hand answere, to help and to dooe,
As the wyll of the hert, shall wyll hym vnto.
And let not the foote, make murmur and cry.
To aske why our head, is placed so hye.
Our instrument taeres, it makes no ryght melody,
If we thus tune not to order our armony.
Then mayster when, when both you and I,
And euery man elswyl learne to applye,
To our ryght metyarde, and kepe oure iust compasse,
And looke not so deepe in an other mannes glasse.
And leaue dreaming dreames of dead Dauid Dicar,
And send such whens home, to our person or vicar.
And ther wyth remember, thys verse of Cato,
Whose wysdom doth warne vs, with these wordes I trowe.
Que soles culpare, ea tu ipse: ne feceris. when wee marke this nipse,
And leaue drawyng dials, on other mens dooyng
And learne for to looke to our owne workes and brewynge
Then I say then, when you will say well your selfe, and
agayn when: such other men,
And all folke wyll doo well.
Lo thus I ende then,
All thynges shall bee well,
whiche god graunt. Amen.

A Replication vnto Caunels Obiection.

If right or reason, might moue you to speake,
I wold not you blame,
your malyce to wreake:
Or if your iudgement, were vp right and cleane,
You wold not so rudely, conſture what I meane.
How ſhould your foli, ſo plainly be knowne.
If that your wiſdome, abrode were not blowne.
You byd me amende, whoſe life you know not.
As though that in you, there were not a ſpot.
A tale of a tubbe, you bragge and you brail,
Wherin you do rubbe, your ſelf on the gall.
You touche not one poynt, wher of that I wrate.
You leape ore the hedge, and ſeeith not the gate,
I muſe what you meane, to diſcant and preache,
Upon a plaine ſong, ſo farre paſt your reache.
why Caunell I ſay, wyl you needes be ſyne
what, wyll ye be knowne, for a durty deuine
It ſeemes you are learned,
paſt reaſon or wyt,
Or els you coulde not, ſo mark ſo well hyt.
You haue ſo good laten, you can want no pewter,
Though ye are no foole, yet you are a newter.
You writ like a clerke, or ſeyene well in Cato,
Forgetting your name, which Therens cals Gnato.
I can do no leſſe, but ſhew what you are,
Syne you ar a Daniel, dark dreames to declare.
Your knowledge is great, your iudgement is good,
The moſt of your ſtudy hath ben of Robyn hood.
And Beuys of Hampton, and ſyr Launcelot de lake,
Hath taught you full oft, your verſes to make:
By ſweete ſait Benet, I ſwere by no foole,
you are not to learne, you plyde well your ſcole.

your

Your wyts are not breched, who list you to preeue,
you flocke and you flout, and smils in your sleeue.
I prayse you no moze, lest you thinke I flatter,
I must now retourne, to thee pith of my matter.
How can you wel proue, that I do enuye,
At any estate, be they low oz hye,
Oz that I spye fauts, in Jupiters seate,
why are you so mad, on me thus to bleate,
It grees not. it cozds not, it fyts not you say,
That men shuld find faut, with gods that bere sway
If plaine Dauy Dicar with wise men be skande,
He seaketh vpzightly, I dare take in hande.
I write not so rashly, but I rule my pen.
In faith you mistake, Dauy Dicars, when,
you take chauke foz chese, and day foz darke night,
Of like you are sourblinde, oz ye loke not a right:
you purpose I know, you were in such care,
Against this good tyme, your purs was full bare.
you thought to optaine, some garment oz gift,
Then dyd you inuent, to make a foule shift,
To flater the Gods, and get a new cote,
That made you to syng, some ry a note.
you faine me like Judas, you thinke me not so,
Foz if I were he, then you wold me know,
I beare not the bagge, that may you reward,
But yet my good wyll. I pzay you regard.
you say that ozder, wold haue eche degree,
To walke in his calling: then how may this be,
That you out of frame, do blother and barke,
So lyke a curre dogge, at euery good warke.
Is this the ozder, that Camels do vse
Bicause you are a beast, I must you excuse.

A Camell, a Capon a Curre
sure by kynde,
I may you well call, synce so
I you fynde:
Bicause you haue ratled, and
ratled to mytch,
Now giue me good leue, to
claw you wher ye ytch.
And if that you thinke, I rub
be you to sore,
Then giue me no cause, to
scratch you no more.
Holde thys for certayn, and
for asure thing,
The ofter you styre me, the
more I will styng.
Syns that you wyll nedes, a
waken my wittes.
I wyll seeke for you, both snaf
fuls and bittes.
To holde in your head, and
make you to rayne.
And byte on the bridle, for an-
gre and payne.
Then will I deuise, for you
such a burthen.
As long as you liue, you shal
beare a lurden:
A Camell by kinde, will beare
more at once.
Then .iii. great horses. pick-
out for the nonce.
More meeter for yion, to bem
some stable.
To beare heauy burthens, I
thinke you more able.
Then being as you are, walk-
ing abrode.
Your limmes ar well made
to carie a great lode:
All beastes that be made, for
carte and cariage,
Should leane to their lab ou
as man to his mariage.
With horses and Asses, you are
well acquainted.
Their maners in ordere, right
wel you haue painted.
I dout of your shape, some
monster you are,
Bicause such a name, to me
you declare.
Your wordes and your work-
es, ar tokens right sure.
You ar some brute beast, in
mans forme and picture.
Right happy he were, ỳ had
you in charge.
he should gaine moch money,
to shew you at large.
what cause, or what toye, dyd
trouble your mynde:
To make you seeke fauts, wh-
her non you can finde,

your

Your instrument iarres, your myrth is not sweete,
You play on false stryngs which thing is vnmeete.
Your eare is not good, you know no sweete sounde.
You can not espie, where faut may be founde.
So farre out of tune, I neuer heard e none,
Nor so much past shame, nor yet so farre gone.
As you in this case, God sende you to amende.
Which seekes to learne me, to bow and to bend:
Direct well your steppes, by order and lyne.
and sclaunder me not, nor no workes of myne.
In all my writinges, right honestly I ment.
If they be taken, to my true entent:
Then I shal breede no strife, nor no error sowe.
when truth shalbe tryde, and vertue shall flowe.
Thus yet once to when, a-gaine I returne.
Bicause ỳ you seeme, against it to spurne.
Untill this long, when, do well come to passe.
This world shalbe nought, & you shalbe an Asse.
Since you doo inuci, all vice to maintaine,
You shew that you haue, a foolish light braine,
God send you more wit, now kepe your head warme.
Or els the nert winter, mai doo you some harme.
Thus here I do ende, and rest for this time,
Excepte you procure me, to make a new rime.

Camels Reioindre, to Churchyarde.

To Churchyard or Mannarig, or for lak of a name:
To Dicar the dreamer, if you knowe the same.

May a man be so bold (an order to kepe:)
To bid you good morow, now after your slepe
If I may be so saucy, and make no mistaking.
God speede master Dreamer, yf you be wakynge.
But Dreamer or Dicar, or as you saye Dauy:
which shal I now cal you as our Lorde saue ye,
Three names are to many for one man alone:
And two no makes fyue, for sayinge of one
If you had two other men myght you seeke:
Then had you a name, for eche daye in the weeke.
But no man dothe doubte, that so sundrye name:
Shuld haue other lõmyng then out of good frames.
And therfore I thyncke, they come euery chone:
Out of some old house, tho the postes be gone
Orels kept in memory, for that they were founde:
In some old stocke, in som noble mans grounde.
And so do remayne, for myndeof our auncestry:
As Syb to Sybbel, sibbes verye properly.
So Jermaines lyps ioynde, and so M. Churchyard:
And Mannaryng met, both in an Orcharde.
And Dauid the Dicar, came in with his spade:
And dolue vp ỳ Dreamer, tyl the line was made.
And thy percõsequẽce, sins your writing doth gre it:
Youre name for my parte: Dauid Dreademer be it.
And good M. dreademer, your reasõ lõg sought for.
Hath combred your capar, I se very sore.
Snap of the case, a yong and whot bloude:
Haue all to be fumed you, and moued your moode.
That daunger it were, in you of a feeuer
If heate & coller, shoulde cuple to gether.
But thankes be to God, a vomet hat rydde:
A culpin of collops, farre in wardly hydde.

And

He hathe b. Dreamer. Dicar Dauid. Mannaryng Churchiard.

As the him where he named him self Lord Mannaryng, and howe he vsed it

Parturiũt montes, Nascetur ridiculus mus. Churchyards answeare doth but rayll.

And now that your reasō,
hath fair brought it fourth
It is a fayre reason, and a
reason well wourth.
And fyrst you reply, to myn
obieccion:
With wordes of pleasure,
as a man of correccion.
Wherbi you would seeme,
a learned man of arte:
And yet Master Mome,
you are out of your parte
For as your aūswer, doth
but tatele and tomble:
So you annswer not me,
but rayle out and romble.
And yet had you markte,
my then to your when:
I no more falted you, then
I dyd other men.
I meane mad raungers,
that so raunge at large:
To medle with matters,
not ioynd to their charge.
And such men I bad, as
then I bad you:
To send such whēs home,
theyr bicar vnto.
And leaue dream inge
drames, to busi mens
brames:
wyth nedeles matters, &
as thankeles paynes.
And thys lytle neded, to
haue netled yonr noddye,
If you were (as you wold
be) som prety wise body.
But yon wyl choplogick,
and be Bee to busse:
but good Master Busserd,
be good yet to vs.
And tel me in truth, and
lye no whit then:
Haue not I touched, no
parte of your when?
If you styl dreame not, as
you do yet:
I trowe I haue touched,
your when euery whit.
I nede not to byd you, tur
ne my text againe.
But take your owne text,
to aunswer your brayne.
I toutch not one poynte,
that you wrote you saye:
And yet you cal me, a Da-
niell strayghtway.
Lo how these two now a,
gree in them se lues:
They both sham their ma
ster, these .ii. eluish elues.
If you gyue me a name
wythout an effect:

Churchards wyn beethe bussinge bee

His reputation

Your mastershyps brayne
is madly infect.
And foule ouershot, to brig
two for wytnesse:
Whiche are in themselues
cleane contraric I gesse.
But if my fyrst aunswer,
doo seeme such a mistery:
That you se not your whē,
ther aunswer alredye
Then to awake you, and
rayse you from slepe.
Good master Dreamer,
marke this and take kepe.
your whē hath in it, a mea
ning of who say,
which ryghtly to meane,
is thus ment I say:
That whē those things be,
which these dais be not.
Then knit you your thēbp
in such sort as you wot.
But whome you accuse, in
whenning so large.
I meane not to open, nor
put to your charge.
But way with your self, & sober your braines:
And defend not a when,
mighte put you to paines.
I coulde perchaunce, make
your when larger.

And serue it before you, as
brode as a charger.
And point you your when
by lyne and by Leuel.
Against Iupiters seate, &
Iupiters Counsell.
But I list not so narow, to
loke to your whanning.
Nor make to your whan-
ning, so open a skanning,
You bid me not slaunder,
you I slaunder you not.
If your self hurt you, your
owne is the spot.
You ascribe to me, the mā-
ners of Gnato.
Full clarkelye applyed
good master Thrato
A tytle as meete, they says
that doo knowe me.
As your title of dreame, to
the matter of Dauye.
But vices in stage plaies,
when they matter is gon.
They laughe oute the reste
to the lookers on.
And so wantinge matter,
you bringe in my coate.
In faithe master dreamer,
I borowed it not.
Tho I haue hearde, that
good fellowes and so.

Not

Not you (goddes forbod)
in borowed geare go,
But whē euery foule, hath
puld home his fether.
The soule and the body,
may then dwel together
And make a right sommer
man, to iet in the heate
For clothes in whot wet-
ther, do but mak mē sweat
whiche you sir perchaunce,
er sommer come out:
wyl vse for a medecine, in
trauailinge aboute,
And colloure the matter,
with a tule of season:
As doutles your master-
ship, hath very god reason
By which all ẏ know you,
will thinke you well hable
To thrust a poore Camel,
to lurke in some stable.
And doubtles if dreaming
may eny thinge spede,
I knowe Dauid dreamer,
wyl do it in dede,
But tho I haue hearde, a
Lyon oft rore,
I neuer hearde asse, so rore
oute before.
With bitings & bridellings
and raining of necks.

O fine master asse, howe
sharpe be your checkes.
You threatene to bitte me,
to trim me and trick me.
With master asse, what
wyl you nedes kick me.
Camelles and asses, be
both mete for burden
Then gip fellowe asse,
then iast fellowe lurden.
No nerer my buthoke, iast
iade are you winsyng:
It is mery to see, master
asse fal to minsyng.
Dyd you neuer here tell
of the asse trapt in golde?
Lo maste asenoll, lo do as
you shulde.
You saye I knowe you
not, and yet as I trowe:
You caste your olde coat
a greate whyle a go.
But if I mistake you, for
that a newe springe,
Hath wrought as a work
mā, to geue you a new skin
And that I may not, now
know you by eare mark.
Then for a mor knowledg
to know you in dark.
Tye a Bel at your tayle,
to make sometinginge.

Graculus ornatus est plumis Pauonis

Churchard is a tyne asse.

De Asino aureo.

The frēch almes, perchaunce hath altred him

The asse wold haue a Bell to be knowē by,

Chyrchasds Poetes. Robin hode Sir Launcelot aut Beuis Qualia vis metere atlia grana lice

And ther goes the asse (I shal say) by the ringing.
But whether I know you orels do not knowe:
Thus muche I knowe, and am certaine I trowe:
An asse bindes no camels, tho he braye neure so loud.
Robin hode so shewed me, out of a cloude.
And when asses forget, to know what they are,
Sir Launcelot then biddes, to nip them more nar.
And Beniz of Hampton, whose clergy I knowe:
Biddes me serue you with the sams sede you sow.
And not to contende, for the asses shadowe.
Whose shadowe I leaue you, and bodye also.
And thus. M. dreamer your folli hath brought me
To followe you further, then first I bethought me
Beineg muche sorie, my pē so to spende.
To answere your follyes, and thus lo I ende.

The Surreioindre vnto Camels reioindre,

What lyfe may lyue, long vndefamde, what works may be so pure
What vertuous thing, may florish soy fautles may, endur
What things be past, or yet to come, that freely may reioyce,
Or who can saye he is so iust, he feares not slādrous voyce.
This Slaunderous peals, doth ring so loud, he soūndes in euery eare,
whose craft can fayn, such ple saunt tunes, as truth wer pre sent theare.
But it is falshed, fraught with fraude, & synges a note to hye,
Though that he bring, some plesaunt poyntes, for to maintayn a lye.
The simple wyts, ar soone begylde, through sclauuderes sweete deceayt,
But those that knowes, suche fishing hokes, shal sone perceyue the bayt.
Unto whose eares, and iudgegements eke, I doo commendemy

de my workes,
To saue me from, the Serpents stynge, which vnder flowers lorkes.
with healpe of truthe, I hope to flee, ye venome of this Beast.
Or els I trust, in his owne turne, to cast him at the least.
Although he whet, his teeth at me, and styngs me with his tonge,
Yet with the iust, I am content, to learne to suffre wroug
Synce Princes peares, and Kyngs themselues, their Acts and godly lawes.
Are sclaundred oft, through euyl tonges, and blamed without cawes.
Looke what is doone, & truly mēt, to put thigs in good stay
Are wrested, & peruerted oft, by euyll tonge I say.
The Preachers voyce, which threineth wrath, the synfull to reduse.
Doth purchase hate, for tellyng truth: lo, this is mans abuse.
The chylde doth blame, the byrchē rod, whose stryps may not be sparde.
Bicause his wits, vnto his welth, hath verismal regard
The wiked sort, whose vice is knowne, by those which writes their lyues.
Can not abyde, to heare their fauts, but styll against theym striues.
The horse can not abyde the whyp, bycause it mends his pace,
Thus eche thinge hates, his puuishement, we see before onr face,
Therfore I blame, this man the lesse, whiche sclandreth me so much.
And casteth venome, lyke the Tode, bicause his fautes I touch:
Whatcause in me, what hate in him, what mattier hath he sought,
within this Dauy Dicars Dreame, whiche for the best was wrought.
Vnto the good, it is not yll, nor hurtfull vnto none.
Nor vnto those, that loues ye lyght, it is no stūblyng stone.
But thos that stāds, to watch a time, the innocent to spyll,

Way wrest the truth, cleane out of frame, and turne good thyngs to yll.
Out of the swcete, and fayrest floure, the spider poyso takes.
And yet the Bee, doth feede theron, & ther w honey makes.
The Caterpiller, spils the fruit, whiche God made for mans foode,
The fly lyke wyse, wher he dothe blow, doths styll more harme than good.
Thy may you see, as men doo take, ỹ things wherō thei loke
They may it turne, to good or bad, as they applye the booke
But euery man, to his owne worke, an honest menig hath.
Or els those hasty, sclanders tonges, might do good men moch scath.
He feeles moch ease, that sufferecan, all thynges as they doo hap.
who makes a pyt, for other men, may fall in his own trap
who flynges a stone, at euery dooge, which barketh in the strete,
Shal neuer hau, a iust reuēg nor haue a pacient spyete.
Therfore I suffre, all youre wordes, which is mine enemi knowne,
I could you serue, with taunting tearmes, and feede you with your owne.
But I mine not to chock your tale, before the worst be tolde.
Then may I haue, fre choyce and leaue, to shew you wher you scolde.
Good syr if I shulde you salute, as you saluted me.
Then shuld I call you, Dauy too, and so perchauce you bee.
Ye multiplye, fyue names of one, a progeny you make.
As your delent, dyd comme from thence, wher of you lately spake.
Though such as you, haue nyck named me, ingest and halfe in scorne,
Churchyard I am, in Shrewisbury towne, thei say wher I was borne
You put your name, to others works, ỹ weklings to be gild.
We thinke you are, somwhat to younge, to father such child
The truthe ther of, is eeth to know, a blynd mā may discus

ye

Ye are in nõbre, mo then one,
yesaye, bee good to vs.
You say, I did not aunswer
you: I could no matter finde
Nor yet can see, excepte I
shulde, at follie wast my minde
The greteſt shame, and most
reproch, that any man may
haue,
Is for to write, or scoulde
with fooles, whose nature is to
raue.
Synce railing rims, orcoms
your wits, talke on and bab-
blestyll,
I not entende, about suche
chats, my pẽ nor speche tospil.
I neither fume, nor chaunge
my moode, at ought that you
haue sayde.
The world may iudge, your
railyng tong, full like a beast
hath brayd.
And where you say, you can
poynt out, by lyne and leuell
both.
Of all the, whens, of Dyears
dreame, you say you knowe
the troth.
It is a wilfull ignorannce, to
hyde, I knowe full well,
I saute, agaynst Iuppiters
seate, or agaynst his counseil.
You shew your selfe, not Iup
piters frende, if you can truly
proue.
A saute in me, & doeth it hyde
for feare or yet for loue.
As for my workes, & thankles
paynes, in this & such lik case.
I shall be redi to defende, whẽ
you shall hide your face.
Thike you I feare, what you
cã do, my groũde is iust & true
On euery worde, which I did
speak, I fore not what ye brue
Fyll all your chargers, as ye
list, and dishes euery chone,
when they be full, and rũneth
ore, I will cast you a bone.
whiche shall be harde, for you
to pyke, thongh that your
wits be fyne,
I can sone put you out of sqar
from your leuell and lyne:
I wyll not answere word for
worde, to your reioindre yet,
Because I fyndeno matter
there, nor yet no poynt of wyt.
But brabling blasts, and frã-
tike frts, & chyding in ẏ ayre,
Why doo you fret thus with
your self, fye man do not di-
spayre:

Though that your wyts, be troubled sore, if you in Bedlē weare.
I thinke you shuld be right wel kept, if you be frended theare:
If you were scourged once a day, and fed with some warm meate.
You wolde come to your self again, after this rage of heate
This may be said without offēce, if ẏ your wyts you had
You wolde not lye nor rail on me, nor fare as you wer mad.
But as it is a true prouerbe: ẏ threatned man lyues long,
Your words cā neither hang nor draw, I feare not your yl tong.
The world is such it doth cō tempne, all those that vertue haue.
An euell tong hath no respect whose name he doth depraue
what is the cause of mortall food, which dothe in frendes arise,
But comenly these sclaunder tonges, whiche still delyts in lyes:
who maketh war, who soweth strife, who brigeh Real mes to ruine:
But plenty, pride and euell tonges, whose voyce is nere in tune,
The roote and branche and chefeest groūde, of mischeefs all and some,
Is euyll tongues, whose sugred words, hath wyse mē ouercome,
The proofe wher of you put in vse, your words ye frame and set,
To creepe into some noble hertes, a credit for to get.
The eatyng worme within ẏ nut, ẏ sweetest curnell seke,
So doo you drawe where gayne is got, and there you looke full meeke.
But vnder those fayr angels loks, is hyd a deuelish minde
I durst lay oddes who trust you long, ful false he shall you finde.
Now to returne vnto thee cause, whiche made you first to write,
You shew your selfe to be a foole, to answer me in spite.

The

The firſt and laſt that I haue ſene, of al your nipping geare
Is not well worth when fruit is cheape, ỹ paring of a peare
Your ſodain ſtormes and thũderclaps, your boaſts and braggs ſo loude:
Hath doone no harme thogh Robyn Hood, ſpake with you in a cloud.
Go learne againe of litell Jhõ, to ſhute in Robyn Hods bowe,
Or Dicars dreame ſhalbe vnhit, and all his, whens, I trowe,
Thus hear I leaue, I lyſt not write, to aunſwere wher you rayle:
He is vnwiſe that ſtriues w fooles, wher words can not preuayle.

A Decree betweue Churchyarde and Camell.

A decree vpon the dreame made by Dauy Dicare, with anſwer to Camel, whoſe tauntes be more quicker.

Wher Dicar hath dreamed of thinges out of frame.
And Churchiarde by writing affirmeth the ſame,
And Camell contendeth, the ſame to deface,
And therfore hath put hys doynges in place.
Sythe both of thoſe twayne hath ſet foorth in myter
The wordes of the Authour, ſkyll of the wryghter.
And rune in this race, ſtyll chaffyng the bytte.
I thynke in thys caſe muche more then is fytte.
I myndyng as much as lyeth in me.
To mak them both, as in one to agree
Haue taken in hande ỹ dreame to defende
And ſo to recite they' race to the ende.
Not ſo to approue my learning or ſkill
But onely becauſe it be commeth them yll.

From riming to rayling so
ofte to dygresse,
wher as reason and wyt doth
wil nothing lesse. Dicars Dreame
As Dicar hath drea=
med so time out of minde,
Some thynges were amys,
that some men dyd fynde,
If al thynges were wel, as I
woulde god they were,
we shoulde not be plaged frō
yeare vnto yeare,
If all men do ryght, what ne
deth the lawe,
what nede any iustice to hāge
and to drawe,
If no man be wrouged nor
wydowe oppressed,
Then nedeth no care to haue
it redressed,
If no man wil vēter to robbe
or to steale,
O England thou hast a good
common weale.
If no man do hurde nor hy=
deth in store,
Then England shall haue no
dearth any more
If no man offend by way of
excesse.
Then grace doth abound, the
fault is the lesse,
If the lustes of the fleshe be
pute oute of vre
The world is amended the
people be pure.
If the poore and the nedye be
daylye reliued,
what man is so mad, therat to
be greued.
If no man do slaunder nor
styre vp debate,
Then Dicar I thinke hath
dreamed to late.
If no mā do flater, nor fawne
for againe.
Then may it appeare this
dreame is but vain.
If all thing be wel, and in the
ryght waye,
why do they not vse good la=
wes to obey.
If no man defraude in bying
nor sellyng.
Then happy is England, for
ther is best dwellyng.
If faith be vnfained, and
wordes do once bynde,
The dreame is all false, and
so ye may finde.
If truth do take place and in
all thinges encreasse,
dreame no more Dicar, but
lette thy dreame ceasse,

If this be not so then Camell to you.
I feare me thys dreame wyll proue to be true.
For it is not so geeson with the vs for to heare,
But the effect of thee dreame doth dayly appeare.
And euery man is now in such takinge,
If passeth a dreme, they finde it out waking.
If you be suche a one as neuer had peere,
Then are you fauty in none of this geere.
But seyng your writyng doth seme some what quycke,
You seme that ye smarted because ye did kycke.
Yet when the dreame was to printing dyrected,
I thincke of the dreamer ye were not suspected.
And where as you contende it doth not belonge,
For Dicar to dreame of right haue or of wronge.
In ded you dooe well yf you done amis,
To shewe him his faulte, and say thus it is.
And if you so well know what doth Dicar behoue,
Then ought you to shewe the same to approue.
But me thincketh you want a frendli good will.
To deface a good matter though the authour wer ill.
And certes of you both indifferentli to tell
I cannot in your railinges cõmend your doings wel.
And both of youtwaine are yet to me vnknowen,
Yet can I aide your doinges, as if they were mine own,
Ye passe from your purpose in such vnworthi sorte.
Ye make of your doinges a very laughing sporte.
Ye close and ye glose, in seking to be fine,
Yetaunt and retaunt al most in euery line.
Ye affirme ye haue red both Terence and Cato,
Ye coũt ye do but faletrye wel resemble Gnato.
And looke how much differs a Fore from a foole,
So much do you differ from Cato and his scole,

C.ii. For

For Cato doth affyrme ther
is no greater shame,
Then to reproue a vyce, and
your selues to do thee same.
And because I wyl not seeme
your fancy to embrace,
As touching your debate, I
answer in this case.
Me thinketh in wrytynge ye
both haue such skyll,
Ye marre a good matter and
make it very yll.
wherby to say the truth it ap=
peareth well vnto me,
Your names and your wytts
vnnumerable be.
Therfore do not thinke that
ye can be forborne.
But such as be readers shall
laugh you to scorne.
And when that your doynges
be throughly perused,
Then by the same deedes ye
shalbe accused.
Cease nowe in season cast all
contempt away,
Be subiect vnto reasō, & make
no more delay.
And eyther of you twane do
not refuse to knowe,
As Cato doth enstructe you
but strayght embrace it so
which though my skil be smal
here though I to reherse
The text and sence wythe all
of euery kynde of verse.

Contra verbosos noli contendere uerbis,
Sermo datur cunctis auimi sapiencia paucis,
Cum recte viuas ne cures verba malorum.
Arbitri nostri non est quid quisque loquatnr.

To striue with men of many
words, refrain I the aduise
It is not geuen to euery man
that he shalbe godlye wyse.
If thou lyue well do not re=
garde what wicked mē do say
For whir it lyeth not in vs
such wycked tounges to staye
Thys is it that ye haue read
whiche if you lyst to knowe.
He wyll aswage your strudy
stormes which you haue rei/
sed so
Take this in worth good Re=
der now expound it to ẏ best:
For I haue sayd to theyr de=
uyce, now harcken to the rest.

The

The iudgement of the Authour.

Some thyng is amys and euer shalbe so
Scripture writeth thys as learned men do knowe.
And some men haue the gyft therof to speake and wryte
which kal yet at a lyfte to frail and fonde delyte.
It doth behoue vs also iustly as we canne,
To do right wel in dede, and eke to wryte it thanne.
How be it, in hym I iudge muche greater faulte, there is whiche nought can saye nor do, but that which is amys.
The best may be amẽded, and that is very true
The moore that haue offended, the more we ought to rue
If any fall from grace gentelly hym assayle,
Burden him wyth charity, no rygour can preuaile,
For why, if that the shepherde do wander from the waye,
No maruell if the shepe thereafter go astraye
Some men perhappe ther be wyl take me to the wourst,
I pray you iudge of me, as I spake it at the fyrst
For it becommethyll in writting to contende,
without wytte or skyll to mak a rayling ende
Take me to the best, as one to you vnknowen,
Whose worthy wits I do cõmend & wold with you be one.
Not minding so assuredli to spende and waste the daie,
To make the people laugh at me, and here I make assaye,

Westerne Wyll,

Wyth the debate betwyxte Churchyarde and Camell

CRowe thybote thou toli toli mariner, and wind well vp thysayle,
For thou mightest neuer wish it by better thine own selfe for to auaile.

There ware thre meri
mariners, that dwelin
Waldon meade
That coulde skil of winde
and ryde, of cancll and of
streame
And eke ther compasse well
directe, from euery shore and
steade
And ware acqueinted with ȳ
rockes, and sandes the myght
them queame
Frō Waldon hauen to Billin
geigate, aswel I vndertake
As any thre of many yeres, in
che course that vsed to make.
A Crayer had they prest to sail
and all their takle yare
And al their fraught ybrought
a borde, to wende to Waldon
towne
But for the winde was not ȳ
best, before they forth wolde
fare
They thought ȳ citie for to ro-
wne, and viewe it vp & downe
If thing vncouth they there
might fynde, wher with to
moue some glee
Whē they came home to Wal
don meade, amonge their com
panie.
To Poules they hied as place
most fytte, for newes in their
deuice
Amonge the printers gan
they searche, and busilye en-
quire
For thinges that might for
Noueltie, at hō be had in price
The printer sayd he thought
he had, to pleasen they re desyre
And drewe them nere into
his shoppe, and gan vnfolde
then light
A roille of Rithimes, wher of
the fyrst, the dickers dreame
it hyght.
Then folowed aunswere to
this dreame, to Dame dic-
kers whan
A solempne processe at a
blusshe, be quoted here & there
With matter in thee mar-
gent set, wheron to gase
they gan
But they ne wist for ought I
knewe, but hebrue ȳ it were
A Replication was the nexte,
whiche well I vnderstoode
For ȳ I founde no worde ther
in, but it was Englyshe good.
But loye here ȳ fourth quod
he that maketh vp the messe

I warrant you a clarkely pece, se howe it is be deckte
(As selleres are not nowe to learne, their wares to praise I gesse)
The name ther of Reioyndre was a terme to them suspecte
Because it soũded of the lawe, as though somme case it warre.
Of ioynctnre right for way warde wyues, to pleaden at the barre
But ay the printer pressed on, and take them all quod he
I notte your nammes, but brethren myne, I you assure can
They be as good as in this to wnin any shoppe there be
Our names quod he, and one stepped forth, a wight yonge watere man
Wylkin is my name, and this is watte, and Hermã high the thirde
As trusti and sure at tack'e knotte, as euer with corde was gird.
Well Wilkin, Watte, an Herman gent, by all your names I sweare
Ye shall not nede vpon my worde, to stande in any doubt
A merier iest ye can not finde, a boord with you to beare
So will ye say your selues I knowe, when ye haue red it out.
But if ye be vnlearned to red, as mariners lyghtly be
Then yf ye lyst to harke a whyle, ye shall it heare of me.
For God swete bones quod watkyn tho, for bokyshe be we not
we knowe to halse, and stryke and vicre, and vp the anchore waye.
And cables folde, and clymbe to toppe, and then go tosse the potte
But if thou wylt of curtesy, of this vs som what say
By god mi peni shalbe twaine and theyrs shal make a grote.
Though we therfore shulde go to bed, at night with thirsti throte.
Nay then quod he Saynt George to borowe, the day is ours all,
Ye shall it heare eche lyne at length, but fyrst and wote ye

what
The parties twaine betwene the whiche, this stryfe is nowe befall.
It me behoueth fyrst to tell, good order asketh that
wherfore a whyle gyue eare I pray, tyll I those twayne set out
And then ye may your fancye say, by turne eche one about.
This Diker sems a thryuing ladde, brough vp in pieres scole.
The plowman stoute, of whō I thynke ye haue full often harde.
A swynckyng swaine, that handleth wel his spade and other toole
Full loth hee ware for lake of hede, they shulde bee reckly marde
For why in them and in his hande, his lyuynge chefely standes
He bragges not of rentes fees ne of entayled landes
And yet he semeth a curtouse hind, & comen of good stocke
For Dikers feade in my contrey, so well ythewed bene
I warraunt you who lyest him preue, he is no spiteleste bloke
But to my tale, In cockowe tyme when echo thing gan to grene
all wery'd from his worke, retournes this Dauy Diker hende
And for to ease him selfe the bet, full softely gan he wende.
Unto his house with i a groue a lytle there beside
His bottle and his bagge, he hent, he left them not behinde
Wherin remayned but small surplus, of viande at that tyde
And downe he sate hym on the benche, of meate had lytle minde
But gan complaine his wretnesse, and one his hande his bedde
He did arrest, and cleped wyfe as though he wolde to bedde.
Lo dame he sayd thou wotest I troue, that candle is to diere
To sytte vp late and wraten out our thrift til farther night
And eke I nil no supper haue, lette be put out the fiere.

And

And haste we all to bed I saye, that ryse bee times we myght
And in he stepte, and sone he was vncased in his couche
And at his heade as was his woonte, he layed vp his pouche.
To wery labouring men, full swete doth seme such rest
He had not lyen lōge, but loud he gan to route
And softly by his syde his wyfe her selfe to bed adrest
The dogge, the cat, and syb the mayde, eche couchen them about.
Into their hernes where they warre woont, and al was huist and styll
And Dauy gan to Dreame his Dreame, as we deuysen wyll.
Then Wylkyn gan at once vp braide, and sware by godes dyne harte
I rushe for bookes, me leuer warre that I could tel this tale
Then of your scablings for to haue, a loade by wayne or carte
Strawe for suche peltry, it is good to stuffe an empty male
I durst it take vpon my soule in all this lyther thinge
Is not a tale that may bee foūde so muche to my lykinge.
Yea yea quod wat, my selfe by giffe, in youth might this haue learned
If I so wyse or happie had bē to folowe my fathers wyll
who would haue spent vpon my scoole so muche as he had earned
But I was bent another waye, me thought it very yl
All daye to rucken on my taile, and poren on a booke
It was nothing vnto my paye full soone I it forsoke.
But Herman here our other mate, it was a wytty elfe
Ado, ado, quod herman then a prinker yet go forth
what was the Dreame that Dauy mette as he it tolde hun selfe
For yet me thinketh by thy feare, that Dreame is somme what worth.
Content quod he gyue heare againe, and here me what I sayne.

I shall you reade this dre/ ame a ryght, as here I fynde.

it playne

Danye Dikers dreme.

When faith in frendes beares fruite, & folyshe fansies fade.
And crasti catchers comme to nought and hate great loue hath made
When fraude flieth farre frõ towne: and loy terers leaue the fylde
And rude shall runne a ryght full race, and all men be well wylde
whẽ gropers after gaine, shal carpe for common wealth
And wyly workers shal disdayne to fygge and lyue by stealth
whẽ wisdome walkes a lofte and folly fyttes full lowe
And vertue vainquisheth pamperd vice and grace, beginnes to growe:
when Justice iones to trueth and lawe lokes not to miede
And bribes helpe not to buyld fare bowers, nor giftes great glotons fiede
when hongre hides his head and pleinty pleaseth the pore
And nyggardes to thee nedy men shall neuer shutte thee dore
when double darke deceipt, is out of credite worne
And fawnyng speche is falshed founde & creaft is langht to skorne
when pryde that pikes the purse, gapes not for garmentes gay
Nor Jauelles weare no veluette wiedes nor wandring wittes beare sway
Nor coueytous crieps not into court nor learned lyuinges lacke
when slyer sleightes are sene and fare fatches be founde
And pryuate profite and selfe loue shall both be put in pounde
when depte no sergaunt dreds

and

and courtiers creite kepe
And might melles not with
merchaundise, nor lords shall
sell no shiepe
when lucere lastes not longe,
and lurde greate heapes
doth hate
And euery wight is well con-
tent, to walke in his estate
when truth dothe treade thee
stretes, and lieres lurke in dē
And Ker doth reygne and
rule the rost, and wiedes out
wiked men
then balefull barnes be blyth,
that her in Englande wonne
Your stryfe shall stynt I vn-
dertake, and dredful dayes be
donne
This Diker was no fole I
gesse, quod watte and Her-
inan tho.
It seneth wel he hi bethought
vpon the worldes change
And of his drudge and mykel
paine, when he to bed did go
And thē to dreame of such like
thi es, per di it is not straūge
Suche as mi talke & thoghts
haue bene, & dat befor certain
Such things aga in at night
in slepe, my drem hath shewed
me plaine.
And eke I harden ones, a
right good doctour tell
that such as farced go to bed,
with meate and drinke goode
stooze
Ther dreames alwaye to
them in moze dysorder fell
Then yf they empty went to
bedde, as ye haue hard befoze
That Daue dyd whose sup-
per was, so slender & so short
That nothinge els but weari
nesse, and nature caused him
snort
A dreame, a strawe quod
Wylkin then, by God it was
noswenyn
Men dreame of deuyls, of
apes, and owles, of naked
gyrles and boyes
But I ne thinke this dreame
is such, it hitteth thinges so
euen
It talketh with good reason
round, of fansies ne of toyes
But of suche thinges as I
can not, amenden with my
wytte
Nor neuer shall I thynke
befounde, reformed euery
whytte.

No quod the printer no, that ment not, thee dreame I vndertake
But where as many thinges ben found, that mans wit can not fatche
To mende as many as we can, and thee rest a paterne make.
To bringe our stat as neyghe to them, as mans deuyce can mache
As out of Platoes commen welth, a tale I coulde you tell of many thynges that hee wolde haue, and not but very well:
That neuer yet in earthe ware founde, as hee wolde haue them done
Quod watte no more of Platoes lore, I ken hym not by gysse
Ne care not muche excepte he coulde somme rules for chaunge of mone
But well I wot algates and am full sure of this
That I haue harde the preachers speake, of asmuche as is here
And of mo thinges than any man, is able to comme nere
But ay me thinkes it is fine, for such a rude vplande
It ware ynoughe for a right good clerke, at instyuynsty taught
He had is helpe his parysshe prest I venture dnrst my hāde
what thoughe hee coulde it dreame thus right, yet I belyue it naught
That he coud with such queit prouerbes, his dreame at large endite
And eke I thinke thee sely swaene, dyd neuer learne to write.
No watte quod thee printer tho, thou harpest on the truth
This Diker had a frende in court that well coulde handle pen
with whom he was acqūeinted earst, as play felowes in youth
whofor they then companions warre dyd him vouch safe to ken.
And loued Dauy euermore, in him suche truth there was
And Dauy when hee came to town, vnsēe wold not hi pas.

Befel

Befell vpon a market daye,
when he this dreme haue had
That he to Londō list resort,
for thinges that stod him nied
He founde his frinde, and all
this dreme, at length vnto
him radde
And he for ẏ it semed a thinge
the penninge worth in diede
Gan drawe it into frame, and
shapen as ye harde
And one that lust it fantasien,
to printinge it prefarde.
Lo nowe I haue ẏ halfe per-
fourmed, that I you earst
behight
What maner man this Diker
was, and howe this dreame
came out
And nowe I will to Camell
passe, if ye therin dilight
By whom this ioly sturre, is
chiefly brought aboute
And tell fro pointe to pointe,
as earst I dyd of this
His worthinesse as I it know
and as the sayeng is.
The Camell semes to me to
be, a great out landishe beast
Quod Herman to the printer
then, that longe his peace had
holde
with bunches twaine vpon
his backe, as highe as any
horse at least
Of whiche I do remembre is
in the newe Testament tolde
That euery ryche gnof, may
vp to heauen as easyly stye
As maye this wilde vnruly
beast, passe through a nidles
eye.
And eke we none in England
haue excepte they bene vs
brought
Of late that I ne knowe, out
of some farre countrye
And by my trouth if I shall
say you plainli to my thought
Thoughe none we had, it
skylles not muche, if they so
vnruly by
But prynter trust thou me, I
nylle it not believe
A beaste to speake and wri-
ten this, my reason doth not
giene.
The prynter loude he loughe,
and so dyd al the choppe
And sayd that Herman spo-
kene asmuch as myght befaid
But ware thee Camell here
quod he, he would be in thy
toppe

No force quod he, of beastes
I am nothinge a frayde
Though I do selde on horse
backe come, there can no Ca-
mell kynde.
Tyll I knowe more, lette
me to saye, thee fansies of
myn minde.
Mary knowe thou then quod
he, that Camell is a man.
Nay printer softe quod wyl-
kin tho and suffre me to
speake
what cause had hee that mo-
ued him, to answere to this
whan
Or why shoulde he of other
al, so fumysshlye cut breake
To barke at Daye Dykers
dreame, that ment him none
vnrest
Excepte he ware one of those
sortes, that wolde haue
redrest
Pardieu a Dreame is but
a Dreame, a fansye of thee
heade
And hee ne ment I hope that
men, sholde it for gospell take
But as a swouen or fantasie,
that eche one shulde it reade
For thy me thynkes accor-
dyngly, the name dyd Daye
make
And nowe a man (ye sare
he his) against a Dreame to
sourne
Me thynke it eyther smelles
of craft, or els of sommeharte
burne.
What soft, mate quod the
printer tho, and hee began to
lowre
You ginne ware hote I
weene, against thee sommer
sonne
Ye may be cooled ere ye come
home, with sommefreshe A-
prill showre
This to muche before that I
myn tall haue all ydonne
Here fyrst an ende of all, and
then pronounce dome
Or els departe ye calmely
hence euen suche way as
ye comme.
Herman was full wo, when
he, thee printer sawe thus
wroth
And had but lyttle lust to try
out the tale
And to his felowes gan vp-
braide, ye se thee daye hence
goeth

And eke ye knowe aswel as I, the water gynnes to vale
And by the vanes I spye the winde, to be by south at west
That we vs haste to Maldon meade, I thinke it be the best.
And therfore nowe giue vs quod he, and take thou here thy grote
And though that wilkin and this wat, haue shewed theyr hasty wyt
(We Maryneres be saltee y frete, we can no but god wote)
I pray the prynter be content and take no grefe at it
We haue at homme a mariner that can somme skyll of booke
He shall them see and reade them vs, and so theyr leaue they toke.
And I that present was at al, for that I lyked the sporte
Gā print it in mi fyckle heade in order as I coulde
And for to pen it out the bed did to my celfe resorte
And drewe it there into a somme, as I had harde it tolde.
Not withe suche wordes as they it spake, but in suche wordes as I
Had partly learned of my dame, and lyst to fantasy.
Suche happe may happe, to gyue a seconde fytte.
If cause shall happe, and lay sure serue for it.

Of such as on fantesye decree and discus: on other mens workes, lo Ouides tale thus.

Bude Pan woulde nedes one day in companye
Compare to mend Apolles

 melodye

melodye:
And toke his homlye pipe and gan to blo
The Jentil god, that saw his rudnes so
(Although him selfe knewe how for to excell)
Contented stode, to here his conning well:
Pan played, and played boystiously
Apollo played but muche melodiously
And suche a tune wyth suche musicke gaue
As well became hys knowledge for to haue.
Midas stode by to Judge and to decre
whiche of them both shoulde best in musycke be
And as he herde Pan playe & vse hys song,
Me thought it suche as he had liked long
And wonted was to here of others oft
Apolles harpe and song went very soft
And swete and strange: as none might swetter be:
But yet thought Midas this musycke lykes not me.
And therfore straycht full loude he cried and said:
Pan. to mine eares of both hath better plaied,
Quoth then Apollo syns thus thou demest Pan:
Me to excel that God of Connyng am,
And so doest iudge of thinges thou canst not skyll
Midas henceforth so thus to the I wyll
Thou shalte haue eares to shewe and tell I wys:
But what thy skyll and what thy reason is.
which on thy heade shal stãde and witnes be
Howe thou hast iudged this rurall God and me
Nay be contend for I haue it sayd
A ful sad man stood Midas the dismaide
And as hee felt to trye if it so was
He found hee had two eares as hath an Asse
Newly growen out wher as hys own eares stoode
So: chaunged then his coul-

lent

lour and his mode
But yet for thie, hauing no
worde to say
He shooke hys eares and sa-
dly went hys waye
I know no more, but thys I
wot and know
That tho the Phrigian kyng
be buried lo
And both hys eares eke with
hym hydden be
And so far worne that no
man shall them se,
Syns suche there are that
lyue at this day yet
whiche haue hys skyl, hys
iudgement and his wit
And take vpon them both to
iudge and know
To them I wyshe euen thus
and to no mo
That as they haue hys iud-
gement and his yeares,
Euen so I woulde they had
his fayre longe eares.

T. Hedley.

A supplicacion vnto mast Camell.

PLease it your maship,
good mast Camell,
Te heare a poore man
his tale for to tell,
And thou, you bee, a man
of great debilitie,
Denye not to heare, a man
of low abilitie,
And I syre you, to take it, for
no presmountacion,
For ythe ha bee brought vp,
after vnrude facion,
Syr, now chyll showe ye, the
mater and the case,
whych am com to speake you,
and like your faire face,
There is one Churcharde,
that hath you spleasar done,
And ych am com to syre ye, to
be good maister tone,
But twas vnleudly dooe,
and after an homly sord,
So faire a beast as you ben,
to tiyen vp so short,
I pray you holden scused
twas but, for lacke of nourt
For cham sure, hannot ben,
past. vii or. viii. yer a courter

T was but blockishly y do, of
one so vnbase as he,
To spout with such a gema,
of so hie a peti degree:
Yet of a trudy stock, for
your fader nere raisde his
farmes.
Nor nere solde his landes:
for ych herd an hasard of
armes
Blase all the aunciall proditours, of your olde areitrie,
whiche com from olde house
of moch inpossibilitie,
And many vpstauncial men
wer broudedin that nest,
But your moder in her
armes (he said) bare a byg
best:
Besech ye good mast Camell, geue ore and leue your
fume
And chil be boũd that Churchard shan no more so parfume
But if he be so sedgious, to
writen an other, whan,
Bum fay chil treate no more
do writhen what ye can.
Your daily Belman, at
your maandement, Good
man Gesser ay Chappell, of
whipstable.

To goodman Chappels supplication.

HArry whobal harke,
maste Camell hathe
yreene,
Thy vengeance sory byll,
and tompes the as I wene,
And is by Christe full sad,
that thou comest out so late
Thou myghtest haue had
a p'ace vor Belchorn at his
gate.
But vortune frended not,
chote it verye well,
The more hard happe thou
hadst, ich doo thee plainly
tell.
Vor sure charde hym swear
by goges dygne dayntie
bones
Thou shoodes be newe
yshod to trãp these oldestons
And

And westwardes shodeste haue zit, for blearing of thin tis
Vor zomer nowe a trowes, wil hurt the zore with flies,
But he no nyggon is, a wyll vorde the a flappe,
Thou shalt haue a vortayle man, to put vpon thy cappe.
And goddes benyson to, tho, Chnrcharde tye hym shorte.
Churcharde wers a bell ats taill to make his frendes sport.
And Camell choppes holy water, for Churcharde and forthe.
Vor he wyll to you bothe, a holy chaplain be.
And if a wittin not, er twaie daies bee agoe,
He wyll you sprinkle bothe, as uarre as I doo knowe.
Tis a vengeance beast, and bygge to beare you all,
And if you zit not vast, bum fay, may to vall

Thomas Camell.

Steuen Steple to mast Camell.

BEst ye mery vayre zyr
I trowe ye be maste Camell,
I chan on message to you zent, vrom goodman Geffray Chapel.
A hate ye zent a bottell a hay, and bad commaunde nia tie ye,
And wor de dyng hee spake ye to, a preyd ye dat ye wood hy ye,
And zuch kynd daintrels as a had, zñ draf he hate ye zent
A zyerd ye wor to gnab derõ vor der is no be'terin Kent=
This good and zoote an alzo new, to mende your zyckish brayne.
Vor wele a zete ye ha great stud, & zet your self to paine,
Hym wraid yer wites wud zoro ye vayle, ye gin to raue zo zone,

A dynkte ye wyll be mad, all out beuore dat May be done:
And moch he merueilt dat ye wud, zo chorlishly to vm wryghte,
And dat ye zent vm such an Anser, dat zounded noding right,
To Harry Hoball zyr ye wrot, as pearit in your letter,
zwap yer speckles vp se nase, and looke about ye better,
And Anser Geffray Chappell zyr, dat toke ye de zupplication,
Vor his name is not Hary whobal, ich zwear by gods zauacion
How zay ye now yore speckles be on, can ye vorstande hys byll,
Yes, ween a trete ye (zereuerence a you) to do Churchard non il.
And her cha brought yor byll ayen, corrupt it is ich go,
Vor bende godes borbodman I zedge, to let it go vorth zo:
But well ich zee yor braine is dicke, your wits be curstly bert,
Prey God ye be not zyde yor zyelf, er be to morow nert:
Deuore go couch and sleap a now, and dan com to yor parte,
An dyte a wyser dyng dan dat, or all is not wort a bart.

Now ych ha myne arnede a do,
Chud ha ye yor head to heede a
And be good maister Chuchardto,
And zo God be yor sprede a.

Camelles Conclusion,

¶ Camelles conclusion, and last farewell then,
To Churchyarde and thole, that defende his when.

A man

A Man that hath mo thynges then two, to put him vnto paines,
Hath euen so many cares the mo to worke hym wery braines.
So I, that late haue laboured harde, and pulcked at my plowe,
Am come to towne, where nowe I fynde mo matters then ynewe.
Mo then I looked for by muche, mo matters to then needes,
Mo makynges & mo medlynges far, then I haue herbes or wedes.
And all agaynst me one alone, a sory symple man,
That toyles and trauailes for my foode, to earne it as I can.
And gladly woulde in quiet bee, to swinke and liue in rest,
But dreamers wyl not suffer me, they nettle so my nest.
A surreioinder, dreamer bringes, the second a decree,
A maryner bringes in his bote, and he the thirde wil be
And so they ioyne and iompe in lease, god graũt them well to runne.
For I shall shewe them if I can, course er I haue done.
The dreamer first full well I know, I shooke hym by the sleue,
Whereat the other. ii. I trow, are angrye and do greue.
But that no force be as be may, here gothe thee beast a broade
Dreamer a wake, mariner rowe, decree man looke a broade.
The beaste will turne I laye a grotte, and gyue you all a tryp,
why nowe syrs nowe, nowe foote it well, this beast begyns to skyp.
And fyrst to master dreamer turnes, and his surreioyndre to,
wherin all thinges bee well he saith, that he doth dreame and doo.
He dreames hee sayes and truly meanes, to put thinges in good stay

Shorte syr Dreamer, a bandy ho, that baall muste nedes away.
If that your dreame haue suche entent; that hath in an effecte,
And that effecte your western wyll. would not haue men suspect:
But take it as a Dreame sayes he', and fantesy of the head.
A tyner frete by Roode then you, I haue his workes wel reade.
Altho hee chop in chorles termes, and carpes in vncouth speeche,
Yet knowe I with a fynger wet, where wyse men might hym seche.
That if hee whyp his whyrry so, he may chance licke a clowne,
To whyp it under water quite, and craire and carlag drowne.
But lēs he is becō my iudge and iudgeth me amysse,
In nothing me quite oute of rule, as his wide wisedome is.
He shall well knowe, and so shall you, and the decreet too,
that for my rule, when I was ponge, this was I tanght to doo.
My father put me firste to schole, where, I a maister hadde:
Of whom I had preceptes and strypes as fitted for a ladde.
He tanght me there to feare my god, and loue hym with my mihht.
To serue the king, and pray for hym, and all his counsell tyght.
Then next to honour those my frendes, that kept me so atscoole.
And this while I a scholar was, was euery day my rule.
And syns that tyme, my vicar hath full lyke a christē man,
Taught mee to treade in godes high waie, and kepe it as I can.
To be obedient to the kyng and to the lawe also.

And

And doo my duetie to the powers, and lette their matters go.
Que nostra sunt curare lo, he titled at my dooze,
And bad me printe it on my postes, and spread it on my floze.
And lecle loue & labour eke, he had me learne to knowe,
And kepe my plowe for profite sake, and thanke god to I trowe.
And tolde me howe there hanges a bell, within our parishe churche,
whiche he dothe twãge eche mornyng rathe, before we go to wurche,
That toles to me, & others mo, our neighbours there abut,
This terme whiche I shall tel you nowe, as I can bring it out.
que supra nos nihil ad nos, this bel tinges vs to benne:
And this hee said thee bell warnde me, as it dyd other men
And when I sawe this Dicars when, I was so bolde to tell.
That Dicar in his drafishe dreame, had not herd this bell well.
And then for thy, forsooth and god my horne & scrape I tooke:
And scartched in a fewe fret lynes, for dreamers on to looke:
And so syr thus I ment no more, but minded hym to know
His duetie (as I ment myne owne) and father not to foe,
Tyl in his topes he tickled me, as lofty ladde on lowde
And shope me shares to sharpe mee withe, to carpe out of a clowde.
And if you rolle thus out of tune for raynyng hym this way,
To kep hi selfe in order such as he shoulde doo I saye:
And take the iudgement to your hande, and terme me oute of rule,
Then trowe me well, you me wid frõ Camel to a mule
Whiche Camell can not

trouch withal, nor cary with him home.
But shape and shave it to your selues, like lumpes of your owne lome,
But wela way, I wander wide, for Churchyarde mēt it well,
And so he saies, and so say you, and so your wittyn-ges tell,
So sometymes houses fized are, by meanyng well in lyghtes,
And then the meanyng is but marde, and they mad meaning wightes.
But sens you wil nede haue me seke the meanyng of this whan,
Weane it to those whom it dothe touche, and seuse it as you can
And then let wyse men deme and iudge atwene Dicar and me,
Whiche of vs two is out of rule, I meane or I for hee.
And fyrst let mee, nowe are you all, what signifies this whane
That earies withe hym at his taile, so great a tarryng than.
Holde is it in hand a present tymme, or future tymme to comme
Or is it admirantis worde, as schoolemen call it some.
It must needes meane a matter madde, as farre as I can see,
But on go to, your wittes are fyne, meane you it out for me.
Dreamer dothe dreame, and whens vs out, a wonder of these whens,
wher of somme whens are wonders well, and mete for whens mens
But some from gammuth gront and grone aboue cla a note:
And those wilde whens ar whend to large, I dare you gage my cote,
what when is this, that he whens out, when iustice ioynes to truthe
whose seate is that e howe ioynes iustice dreamer saie on in sooth.
And nodde your noddles nowe

nowe in one, and make a trinitie.
Fnl worke manly to worke this when, if ỹ it will so bee.
And fyrst waye well what iustice is, to whom it dooth pertaine.
Who swayes the swoorde, who dooth decree, looke to the matter plain.
From whẽs he coms, what branche he bears, and who and whiche him vse,
And aunswere iustice to the wrõg, wher wt you hi accuse
And meane your meanyng as you meane, and dreame not in your slepe,
And shew what ioly order nowe, in this your when you kepe.
But shorte to make of all your whens, to take thee principall,
This is among the rest the worst, and standes thee last of all.
when Rex dothe reigne and rule the roste, so thus you ranne at laste
A meruailous when that such a when, should out in print be paste.
Dothe not Rex raingе sir dreamer nowe what when-nyng terme is this?
If Rex reigne not? who reigneth then a sauci when this is.
And whend at length and large in deede, beyonde a subiectes wit,
That god defende that I should dreame, or that, or lyke of it.
And yet I trowe I haue a byll for cattall that I solde:
That saies howe Rex hath raigeed vi. yeare almost I dare be bolde.
And eyther is your when ful false, or my byl is nottru
And which is truest of thẽ both, let me uow aske of you
As for my selfe I make no doubtes, but that your whẽ is wrong,
And that Rex raignes as he hath doon, shall I trust raigne long.
whiche as in scoole I was fyrst taught, to praie that he may doo.
So euery subiecte leth ym

seke to haue that prayer to,
Thus coulde I touch some other whens, wherin you when at large.
I gret deale past your compasse to, and as muche paste your charge.
But, those I leaue by lyght of this, for to bee scande and sene,
To those that better iudgementes haue, then you or I, I wene.
And nowe wyll take your then in hand wher with yon knit your when.
In publishing it thus to me and to al other menne.
Than balefull barnes bee blithe you say, that here in England wonne:
Our stryfe shall stynte you vndertake, our dredfull dayes are donne.
An assurance her you make that baleful barnes we be,
And that in strife we are also, & dreadeful daies doo se.
But God defende it should be true, which your ful frantycke hedde:
Hath publysht to so opē eis for to be seene and redde.
For once for me I make no doughtes, nor no good subect elles:
But we a moble soueraign haue, as al our statuts tels.
And as al orders els besids do wyll vs for to know:
who gouernes vs and is our head, and rules vs also
And vnder hym haue other powers to see that law be donne:
To gree and tune vs in accorde, if wee be out of tune.
Under whose rule & order eke, al we that subiectes be:
do liue and ioyne as sytteth vs, in one for to agree
And in thee town where I do dwell, I know no stryfe or dread.
But euery man there lyues in tune as subiectes to their head.
And meddels not but with their plowes, and somtime with their bow.
And prate with Peter and with Paule, theyr duties for to know.

And

And learne so for to kepe them still, in order as they can:
Except such wranglers wrangle them, withe suche large whan and than
And so I truste they do els where, whiche for my part I pray,
That lōge we may so ioyne in one, what so your when dothe say
But yet suche dreadfulle whans and thens, which doth the matter marre
were bette quight, pulled out of syght, then shewed as they are.
And so shewe westerne will from me, and wat and Herman too
And will them wynde their talke well not as they wont to doo.
For if they leane to learne suche whens, it will be lōge I feare,
Ere they will channell well theire craire, that shulde them safely beare

Thomas Camell.

Westerne will to Camell and for hym selfe alone, althonghe hee leudly lust, to knitte vp three in one,
When calmely blowes the winde, and seas but lytle moue,
And cloude appereth none, to threaten from aboue
Unwelcomme chaunge of wether, with rage of storms loude,
Ne mistes their manteles spreade, the sonne a way to shroude,
The Maister idle syttes, & shipboyes stere thee sterne,
The course so carelesse is, he lust it not gouerne
But when the storme beginnes, to rattle in the skyes
And wallowing waues a loft, like mountaines high to ryse, And sourges roulig rounde, full thicke in others taile,

Bethynde and eke before,
the Crayer ginnes assaile,
Then boyes comme fro the
helme, and Maisters setto
hande
That better practise haue,
the belowes to withstande.
So now with me it fars
syth ye begynne to blow,
And thonndre in thee ayre,
and sondrie lyghtnynges
throw,
And rore ageinst the rockes
wheron your water beates
My self to helme am comen
to guyde her in these heats
Sussised me a fore, when
naught appered but calme
To laughe and looke vpon
the queitise of your qualme
As doeth the ydle man, vp-
pon the plaiers game
where parte hym self, hathe
none and yeat vppon thee
same
His fansie commune wyll,
and furthe to ot her telle
what thing ther semed him
good, or other wise then
well
But ye no lookers on, in
no wyse can abyde.
To say their fansyes free,
what toys in you they spied
But eche muste haue his
parte, when ye begyne to
rage.
Ye loue a nombre well, to
furnyshe out the stage
And sithe ye will therfore,
that niedes I shal come in,
Thus for my self alone, to
answer I beginne:
A man that bendes hym
selfe, to sowe thee sedes of
payne
No meruaylle thonghe hee
reape, suche trauaile for his
gaine.
A wicked ploughe it is, that
forowes vp a fielde
To marre a pleasaũt patth
and no goode fruite to
yelde.
who laboureth so to fynde
with dygging in the mould
Declareth well a wille, to
fynde yf ought he coulde:
And busieth hym self, with
matters moe then niedes
And roteth vp good herbes
to plante in stynkynge
wiedes.
And yeat would counpted
be

be, a sely symple man
That nothing meanes but
right, to further as he can
And that ye myght him rue
and pitie some what more
He makes as though he
war, but one agaynst askor
And yet if all be weighed,
in balaunce iust vpright,
The chalenge restes in thē,
that firste began the fight
But that in diede I heare,
ye haue the Beau Lugent.
And eke that other one, that
suche rewarde hath sent
To him that went about, to
stille you with decree
As Phebus gaue to Pan,
or iudgement like sayes he
Lo here I bring my boate
to rowe ye home to Lynne
But ye suche cōscience haue
for punishement of synne
That house and home may
sincke, and oxen sterue at
plow.
But ye mai some what gete
to carry home wit you
woulde ye be glad in diede,
to swincke and lyue in rest?
Then haue ye much a wrye
begonne to make your neste
And that I trust at ones,
in sobre woordes to showe,
Bestirre ye now mi beast, ẏ
mariner ginnes to rowe,
A personne of such witte,
as ye would sieme to be
Of such fore caste and zeale
and of suche grauitie
Before he taketh in hande,
against a thing to wryte
And sette the same abroche,
to all the peoples sight
Will weight what woords
therin, bee not welle sayd or
ment
And eke howe farre the sam
from dutie doe dissent
which thing if ye so did, in
reading of that bille
Then founde ye all thinges
well or some thing soun-
ding yll
But if you found them well
ye raile and lacke a groūde
But if they siemed so ylle, as
ye do make them sounde yle
Then dutie claymeth this,
and specially in you
That in yonr yonthe was
taught, your dutie welle/
noughe
To haue race it fro the post

and whem ye warned had
The seller, that this dream
was daũgerons to be radd
The same in sobre wise, to
open vnto those
That lawsull power haue
our state, to binde and louse
Of whome you thãkes had
then deserued for your diede
And taken away ẏ cause. w-
her of more euil might bried
But this thinge did ye not,
wherfore I may conclude
Yf any harme there be. by
you the woorte was brued
And ye concealed firste, the
faulte ye dyd espie
And iudged it matter mete,
your wrãgling witts to trye
Ye dreamed ye smelled a
sparke. whiche thoughe it
ware right smalle
Ye could by blowiges brig,
and tindre mirt withall
To make a flambe right
great, in syght of many a on
which streight way of it self
woulde ells haue quenched
alone,
But had the dreamer giuen
the victory to you
And holde his peace at first
all had bene good enough:
The purging of your galle
and hongre of a cote
As somme men do affirme,
haue chauffed you so hote
Yet if you so haue founde
suche sparckles in this
dreame
Go blowe them where they
bred, they be without my
streame
Although you argue thus,
entente will haue effecte
whiche westerne wil vould
not, that any should suspecte
wher to I answer thus, ye
stomble in the plaine
And wher ye thinck all sure
your reasõs are most vaine
Full lytle witte ye haue, if
ye cannot espye
this argument to be muche
truer contrarrie
For sieldomer entent, at-
teineth to effecte
Then as ye folishelly, thee
other do obiect.
I bydde no man to take
it as dreame or fantasie
But ther I plainly shewed,
that euen so tooke it I
And nothing ells did mean
in

in homely westerne wille
But so to choppe in trenchour termes, as folkes do at the mill
wher eche to other carpes in rude & boorell spicche
Of thinges wher with thē selues, do neither smarte ne itche,
And if you would for this, we learned bethe to drue
My boate and I toguether god let ye neuer thryue
But god bee thanched euer, that so for vs prouides
More noble hartes & wise, our comō welth that guyds
As hethem list assigne, that reigneth in the toppe
Our true redoubted kinge, of suche excellent hope
As neuer subiectes had a paterne more expresse
Of kingly vertues all, and learned nobleneſſe
whose persons are to highe to, stowpe into this rythme and better nothing said, thē spoken out of time

To you my pen I turne that iudgen me amysse,
And praye you well to note the parkinge by of this
Sith eye so well can racke, the mening of ones mynde
And haue a grace to smelle, that fewe men elles would finde
Content your self a while, and neither fume ne freate
Though with your owne to you I doo like measure meate
And sure I will not chuse the woorst emong the rost
But take the woord wherin you sieme to triomphe most:
Because ye woulde bee thought, to reuerence thee powers
(As well becomes vs all, to all our gouernours)
Suche name as they right well contented are to heare
And suche as of it self a maiestie doth beare
Contented are ye not, to vse in your verse
But by the name of goddes ye do them oft reherse
Now if you wille alleage the scripture vse thy wis
According to your skille:
Ego dixi dii estis

Then harken I beseche
your, goddes howe they a-
gree
To him that wee call God,
and one beleue to be,
Lo in your rithmes afore,
peruse them who that wy',
It well appearres, the
Godes, whom you them
liken ti'l,
ware neither goddes neme
of cyuyle lyuing good
But fanlyes of ydolatres, &
dreames of Robin hood,
But graunt that they
ware goddes of olde gen-
tilitie
Yet muste we take them
suche, as they them wryte
to bee
Then ponder well my frie
sithe ye the latten knowe,
what tales in them be tolde
of Jupiter arowe,
And what a worthi clue, ye
vnd vp of this threade
when ye thee magistrates,
conioyne to such a heade:
And here if I would bring,
entent to haue effect
I coulde make some beleue
ye ware to be suspecte:
Ye mean them honour leas
wher most ye do them glose
And vse suche termes, as
might be made a shipmans
hose:
I could ye heare paynt out,
a rable of those Goddes
Betwirst he whiche & Ma-
gistrates, I trow ye should
put oddes
But that I do auoide, and
feare also in diede,
That people in my rithmes
suche thinges vnfytt would
riede
I am not yet so bold, to talk
at large of them
whome alwayes I haue
feared, if they but wink or
hem
But vse in you hathe bred,
suche skylle bi sondry chãge
That happen what so wyl,
it seldome semeth straunge
wher practise small is had,
in any kynde of feate
To suche it often happes,
that tryfile seme them
greate
But stomacke so are your,
by tranaille in your trade
with many a wandring
course

courſe, from poſt to pyllour made
That nothinge mountes ſo highe, ne ſennethe of ſuche, wayte
That ye will not attempte ſt ones ye wynde the baite.
Thus far I am content, to waſte ye on the waye
And as for all the reſt, that you to other ſaye
Let them the aunſwer make to whome it apperteignes
For I haue ſome what elles to occupye my braynes
And for your leſſon, lo by Chriſt I lyke it well
And ſuche a lyke I wiene, doth pierce the ploughman tell,
But yeat leaue out this clauſe, to ſpreade it on thee flooze
It was enough to haue it written on the dooze;
For if it commē ſo low, to lye vpon the grounde
I feare that many fiete, will make it full vnſound
And treade it all to durte, in ſorte I you aſſure
That ye may happe forgette to put the thinges in vre.

W. Watreman.

A plain and fynall confutation: of camelles corlyke oblatracion

YE vpryghte men whiche loues thee light, whoſe heartes be voyd of gyle:
Condēne no cauſe till trueth be tryed, giue eare and lyſt a whyle.
And marke my tale from point to point, let no worde ſkip vnſkande:
And heare them with the indifferent eares, and way them as they ſtande.
Fyrſt lay aſide affeccīō blind for truethe my cauſe muſte pleade,
Let nether foe nor fained frend, this matter Judge

nor reade.
And then I truste to clere my selfe, and Camell cleane confound:
That blowes the trompet of defam, whiche geues vncertain sound.
The tune wher of semes yet fulstraunge, so boistrous is the blast:
But quiet calmes settes forth stil windes, when stormes be gon and past.
Whiche quyet time I wish to haue, that I may be well harde.
And thē I hope this vypars bryde, shall haue his iust rewarde.
That forgeth fautes and seeketh holes, to crepe and sealetherin:
And flattereth for no other cause but fame or gayne to winne.
What thinkes this man he hath more witte, & learning in his head.
Than hathe fyue thousand other men, that (Dicarres dreame hath read.
Or thinkes hee that I am so ra she, to run so far frō square
Or that I make such obcure thinges, that I dare not declare.
Than is hee blynde and very fond, and scarce him selfe doeth know.
Let him loke on his booke againe, his rule is nothinge so.
To you I speake frēd Camel now, which wrelleth ryght to wrong:
You saye you haue ben kept at scole, in soothe I thinke not longe.
Your master dyd but stroke your head, he dyd for beare the rodde:
I dout he dyd not teache you well, howe you should feare your God.
For if hee had you woulde haue stayed, to wryte against this dreame:
To spye a mote within my eie, since in yours is a beame
Yf you might site and iudge my cause, I shoulde soone feele your worst:
But God forbyd there were long

long hornes, on beastes that would be corst.
I call you beaste because you sayde, here goeth the beast abrode:
Thee beaste will turne you gage a grote, yf he be prickte with goade.
Nowe turne syr beaste and come aloft, fling not for fear of whip:
In dede it is a monstruse thynge, to see a Camelle skipe.
You say you shoke me by the sleeue, than rubde I your gall backe:
Yf I knowe howe to doo you good my healpe you should not lacke.
We I ompe in leasse, ye gab fyre beaste, I am but one alone:
But I can proue (O heavy Camevy) that you are moe then on.
My surreteyndrer doe the declrare, this dreame was for the best:
And yet you crye, abandye no attenues thus ye ieste.
What can you laye vnto my charge, of malyce or of hate:
Since I do wyshe that euery wyght, shulde walke in his estate.
This veerse you hyppe, and yet it standes, nert that whē rer doeth ravng:
Bothe these be good and godlye to, here shall I showe you plaine.
But as I sayde, out of faire flours, thee spyder poyson takes:
And yet the bee doeth feede theron, and ther with hony makes
I do compare this spyder nowe, to you whiche so apperes.
For that you rum a patheles wave, to leade me in thee breerres.
Wheare fynde you this that dreames can haue, any effect at all.
Be not they fancyes of thee hed, and so wyse men thē call
why do you wryte against a dreme, whiche hath a small effect,

Why turne you yt to meanyng leawde, to bringe it in suspect,
You ment no more but mee to learne, so you woolde you excuse:
Syr yf you mynde to kepe a frynde, do not your frinde so vse.
You bragge you of your master much when you to skool dyd goe:
You sayde ye larned your ductie well good syr it seems not soe.
To serue the king and praye for hym, I learnede as well as you:
To loue hym leall for conscyens sake this lesson well I knew.
His councell eeke for to obay my ducti learnes me too:
And withe ther matters not to mell, nor therin haue to do.
This lesson heether to I kept, and shall here after kepe:
Tylle I to earthe retorne again, where flesche and fell must sleepe

What is thee cause you answerde not, to that whiche I wrott last:
You do conclude muche lyke a thefe, whiche is condēnde and cast.
For at the barre hee prate the long, & can no reason shewe:
To clere hym selfe and saue his lyfe whan trueth doeth hym orethrow.
So you all thoughe withe matter now, I do you styll assault:
Yet withe great shame you are content, to yelde vnto your fault.
I wrate more thinges than one or two, yet reade them ons agayn:
I do perceiue a littell thing, wille soone ouercomme your braine.
You haue sought councell fourteen daies, it seems that you dyd dreame:
Or els ye thought to rune awaye, into somme other realme.
But now I heare a sodayn sounde, the beast begyns to braye:

It

It is muche like a Camells boyce, that dwelles in lyn theyslaye.
Be as be may you say your selfe, ye byd me foet it well, why will the beast now lead the daunce, with beastes I will not mell.
But where yon saye, I whē out whens, aboue eala a note,
You gront and groen from gammuth farre, I dare you gage my cott.
Sins you will put me to my trompe, with a false carde often,
Marke howe iustice shall ioyn to trueth, I will make large this when.
Note Though iustice doth belōge to Rex, whose swoord puts that in vre,
Yet euery iustice vnder him is not so iust and pure.
Because there bee knightes of the post, whiche will them selues forswere,
And fained trueth will forge a tale, sometimes in iustice eare.
And worke such wils, iustice to blynde, and make him credit lyes.
Suche crafty mistes these men can cast, before true iustice eies.
Though the iustice of him selfe is pure and cleane deuoide of crime,
Yet falce witnes may alter him, and chaunge his minde somtime.
Thee faut ther of is not in hym, he woulde fayn ioyn to truthe:
But flatteryng faith, may him corrupt, alas the more is ruthe.
When truthe is forman of the quest, and right shall vardyt gyue,
Than iustice shall ioyn styll to truethe, & so together liue.
Thus is this when made manifeste, truely as I it mēt
And yet it was ful plain before, to euery true entent.
Here haue I waide, what iustice is, to whome it dothe pertain,
who swaies the swoorde, who dothe decree, heare haue I set out plain.

Now staye a whil, & marke this when, whiche you calle principall,
And is ỳ beaste amonge the rest. and, stādeth last of all
Note when rex doth reign (And) rule the roste, a coniuction copulatiue,
Your master taught you not to know, could he suche thigs discriue?
Now Rex doth rayne whom god preserue, in long life on vs here,
And sende him rule the roste him selfe, as prince without peer.
That he may fynde those secrete flighes, whiche nowe in corners lye:
And suche as do abuse his lawes and liue so wickedlye.
It semes they lyue as they delyght, and leane not to his lore.
Because he doth commende them lawes and they passe not therfore.
Nowe dothe the master of the scole, his scollers rule and tame:
whan he doth geue precepts and rules, and none doth kepe the same.
How doeth ỳ kyng his peopl rule, let this be better waide whan hee dothe geue them lawes and actes and none of them obeyde.
For thoughe ỳ Rex do rayne and rule, as I beleue in dede
Yet dothe not hee for mercye greate, ỳ wicked al out wede
And lyk as God is mercyful so doeth our kyng in dede:
Ensue and folowe in his steppes, (whom God defend and spede.)
His Justice is to punish sine with death & payne extreme: which is most godly exercisd and so doeth shewe and seme
Yet yf al those that do offēde, should haue such punishemēt what man is liuinge nowe a dayes, that shoulde escape vnshente?
But folowyng the example of, the Lorde and kynge of kynges:
Doth he often suffer vs vnkinde, in byle and greuous thinges.
Becaus he would (as it doth seme

seme, so mercifull and dere:)
Bee rather loued thē obeyed
or only dreade and feare.
And thi hys mercye godly
mente, dooth make vs worse
in dede:
As scollers when they lacke
the rodde, do lyue withouten
drede.
But when he shall begynne
again, to punish wyckednes:
whiche is his iustice (or more
playne,) to vs but ryght-
ousnes.
Then folk forfeare (but not
for loue,) shall better ende
theyr life
As horses whipt, ye then for
feare shall stynte and cease
our strife.
wherfore yf euery kynge this
daye whiche oughte in dede
to raingne:
Do raygne and rule the rost
and weede, the wicked oute
ful plaine.
Then haue they welth with
outē stryfe, which God geue
vs ryght sone:
That all oure wyckednes
were paste, and dredfull
dayes were done.

If Dycar sayde, when Rex
doth rayne, & al mē doe obey
How could you Camel, thus
conclude & he raygneth not
to daye:
Note Or if he sayd, when
Christ is God, and you a
faythfull main:
would ye conclude & ergo, (to
him,) he is not God now thā
wherfor yf Rex do raygne &
rule, as I beleue he doeth:
And I beseche almyghtye
god, he maye do lōge in sothe
Yet muste you take a nother
poynt, conteined in this whē
when Rex dothe raygne and
rule the rost, and wedes oute
wyked men.
You muste not harken halfe
the tale an leaue thee reste
behynde:
for than in dede you do a
mysse, and fayne woulde
quareles fynde
You Redde in faythe muche
like the nunne omnia probate
And turned not thee other
syde quod bonum est tenete.
Redde you no more but Rex
doeth raygne, and lefte the
reste vnspyed:

Is there not (to) and rule the roste, the sentences is so tyde.
And wede oute wiked wordly men, thee spotted from the cleane:
whose vyce infectes the chosen lambes, lo thus dyd Dicar meane.
He doubted not but Rex doethe roigne, the truethe it selfe doethe showe:
But yet he thōghte it good to wede, oute wycked men I trowe.
And thus I say dyd Dicar dreame, thee sence doethe plainly tell
Yf vpryght eies and rihteo⁹ mindes, do loke and skan him well.
If you shulde bee my iudge I se, and deme my dreminge thus
I shulde haue but short, curtesy, and you my cause discus,
But god hath sawed your hornes so short, no great hurt do you can
Hee made you nether lorde nor iudge, nor skarse an honest man,
whan Rex doth raigne and rule the rost, and out thee wicked weede,
Than you and many other lyke, would fyrst of al preced
But where you set a snare and net, for these that well entende.
To showe what is the very cause, of euill and the ende.
There you yonr self (and if it were, applied wel in fram As he hath ment) shulde certainly be catchid in the same what if I shulde cast furth the bone, you thoughte to choke me with:
Perhappes you may repent to late, you went so nie ẏ pyth
Wher is your lesson now become, you lernd so long ago,
That spide suche faute in dicars dreme, and yet conceilde it so.
Note If it had raught to Iupiters seate as you affirme in dede
You ought not it haue kept so long, but straight it told with spede.
Or if you thought you saw the

Tyll gracious God of hys goodnes, will helpe oure miserie
within thee towne wheare you doe dwell, you know no dred nor strife:
Than is it sure a paradise, I laye theron my lyfe.
For I haue traueld here and theare, & sought this world u l wide:
to fynde a resting quyet place where I would fain abyde.
But in this wery pilgrimag I neuer found suche stay:
Nor suche a vertuous towne as Lin, yf it be as you saye
Yf you haue done as muche in Line, as you in Lōdōhaue
I thinke that al your neighbours woulde, sone wyshe you in your graue.
For we were here in quyet al vntyll you came to towne:
Sence that we could not lyue in reast, for suche a contrey clowne.
And Dauie Dicars Dreme for sooth, was lowed of euery man:
Tyll you began youre wranglyng reimes, to brall vpon his whan.
Wherin you lost your honest name, you could not lose muche more:
Thus are you put to open shame, and haue no thanke therfore.
Go showe your coūcell on by on what gain you here haue got: * Ad hereto vvat
* Herman wil helpe to rowe you hom, good syr nowe take your botte.
Nowe trudge a waye feare gentill beast, and kycke no more at me:
And let them lyue in peace and rest, that thinkes no harme to the.
Thus here I take my leaue from you, wishing for grace and healthe:
To kepe my prince from all his foes, & eke ẏ cōun wealth

Camelles crosse rowe.

Doth playnely showe,
Wythoute lyes or gyle:
His foolyshe feattes,
With raging freates,
The truthe for to reuyle.

A wicked

the myst, that no man elles
coulde skrye,
There shulde no cause haue
stopte you so, to tel it by & by
If dicars when, as true it is
be clere from blame & blotte
Yet your offēce is no whit less
by caus you thought it not.
If ignoraunce had sayd a
mysse, ẏ same be my defence,
Yet wilful ignoraūc in you,
dothe pleade your great
offence.
Behold of god ẏ rightuouse
scourdge, that now a mydde
the gryn:
You layde to trappe the in-
nocēt your selfe is fallē theri
What say you nowe wise
camelles caulfe, if rex wede
wicked men,
You shuld of right be tide to
short, to peruerte dicars whē
But tyll suche spyders bee
wede out, and all theyr cob
webes to,
That sekes to trappe the sel-
lye flies, as you begyn to do.
The barnes I say that here
do wonne, with in this brit-
taine lande,
Shall byde alas those dred
full daies, and dicars dreme
may stande.
O Syr you toke my then in
hand, wher wt mi whē I knit
where I perceiue your fra-
nityke head, begins, an o-
ther fyt.
Note Can you denie the
plages of god, whiche he to
vs hath sent?
And scourgeth vs for our
great sinnes, from which we
not repent.
Doeth not thee plowe man
plowe his grownde, and la-
borith vereisor.
The earth bringes forthe
his fruite like wyse, encrea-
syng more and more
Doeth not the heauens gyue
vs rayne, the watters gyues
vs fyshe?
Doeth not the connsell seeke
oure welth, as well as we
can wishe?
Do not they take great care
& payne, all euells to redresse
Yes all these thinges doe
worke as well, as mans tōg
can expresse.
Yet though oure kinge do
make good lawes, the earth
bringes forth muche sede:

A wycked man doth set
his minde, his heart, &
hole intent,
To sclaunder truthe, & god-
lynesse, and hurt the innocēt.
But blessed be all those that
be sofalsly lyed apon:
And pacyently do suffre it,
whome God dothe helpe
eche one.
Catche no mā in his words
to sooke, but reade for better
minde.
For so the Jeswes pursued
Christe, some tryp with him
to fynde.
Discencion, discorde, varia
unce, & those ẏ make debate,
The Lord that loueth vniti,
dothe sore detest and hate.
Embrace & loue your enemi
Chryst byddeth very plaine:
How can you so? whan you
for loue do rēdre hate again
Forsake your forged lyes.
& turne your flattery to truth:
And leaue in age the wycked
nesse that you had in your
youthe.
God gyueth all the gyftes,
to man, the whiche be good
and pure:
For of our selfe we haue no-
thyng but euell, I am sure.
Haue no delyte, the gyftes
of God, so wyckedly to vse,
To slaūder good & vertuo⁹
thynges: I cā not you excuse
I praye to God the Lord of
myght, ẏ eueri wycked tongo
Myght ones by roote be we
ded out his people frō a mōg
Knowe well before you knit
your knot, the meaning, and
the ende:
And learne, at thinges of
Godlynesse, your wycked
lyfe to mende.
Lyke as thee Horse dothe
wynse whan he is rubbed on
the gall:
So wicked do at godlye
thigs, to mēd theirlyf, with al
Moche euel comes by those
that wold mayntaine all
wyckednesse,
And eke peruert instruction
good, & sclaunder godlinesse
No man can serue two ma-
sters wel & please thē am wis
Ye cannot serue our master
Christe, & flatter forginglies
Of suttle ✣ beawe and glo-
sing wordes thee commune
sorte in dede ✣ Ad thertos

Are euermor deceaued qui te
wherto they tak great ease.
Perceaue & see the beame so
gret which is befor thin eies:
And thā correct thy brothers
fault, withoutē fraude or lies
Quēch firste this your mali
cious mynde, ẏ burneth like
the fier.
And thā your sclaūder certaī
ly wyl not be thought of Ire.
Remēber that you reconcyle
you to your brother againe:
Or els your offring wyl not
be receaued, this is plaine.
Speake nothing iudgyng
any mā, ẏ wise mā doth erort
with vnaduysed wylfulnes,
nor gyuing ill reporte
Taūte non for vertue, while
thou lyuest: for than thou art
not wise:
And wylt bee truly taken for
a foole, maintaining vice.
When Camel folowes any
pointe of this, as it aperes,
And leaueth beaw ✠ & suttle
✠ wordes: we shal haue plea
sant yeres. ✠ Nota vi ante
Uewe this good reader fo-
lowing, & that which is befor
To thend to frame thy lyfe
therto, & mend it eūer more.
X Christ bideth vs ensue his
stepps, & suffre wrōg & greife
As he hathe suffred greuous
paīe, which is our health & lif
You most sayth Christ ob-
serue and kepe, for very in
ward zeale,
His Godli & deuine precepts
& than you shall haue weale.
Zachary was, for godlines,
of wyll (and not constrainde)
Imputed iust before ẏ Lord
I kuow this is not fainde.
& AND fynali we ought to
leaue al sclaūder lyes & strife
For nothing is more wicked-
der in mānes or womās lyfe
9 CON sidering ẏ we shall
gyue accōptes, before ẏ lorde
Of al our dedes, our wicked
thoughts, & euery ydel word
ESTeme not this as va-
nytie, & nedelesse matters eke
For than in ẏ (good brother
mie) is wysdōe farre to seeke
AMENde thy lyfe by thes.
preceptes, and beare me no
disdaine.
And than passe I nothyng at
all thoughe it be thankelesse
payne.

FINIS.